

# Fashionable London Surrenders to Men in Khaki.



An Entertaining Sidelight on Society in London in War Time as Gleaned From the Society Correspondents of the English Society Weeklies, Notably the Tatler's Letters of Eve.



Since the War Tax on Tea, Smaller Cups Are Popular.

LONDON, January 18.

Dearest Belovedest:

I was rather a town-keeping Christmas, belovedest. We went to the country, you know, but it was just for the Christmas week end, Thursday to Tuesday.

People are keen now on being near things, and country house parties take some fixing up these days, too, with so many men away, so many women not particularly festive, and mourning in so many homes. Hunting will be going strong, though, very shortly, and I hear of some shooting parties being arranged.

There's a great stock of game that's got to be killed down and I expect the King will do some shooting as soon as he gets the chance.

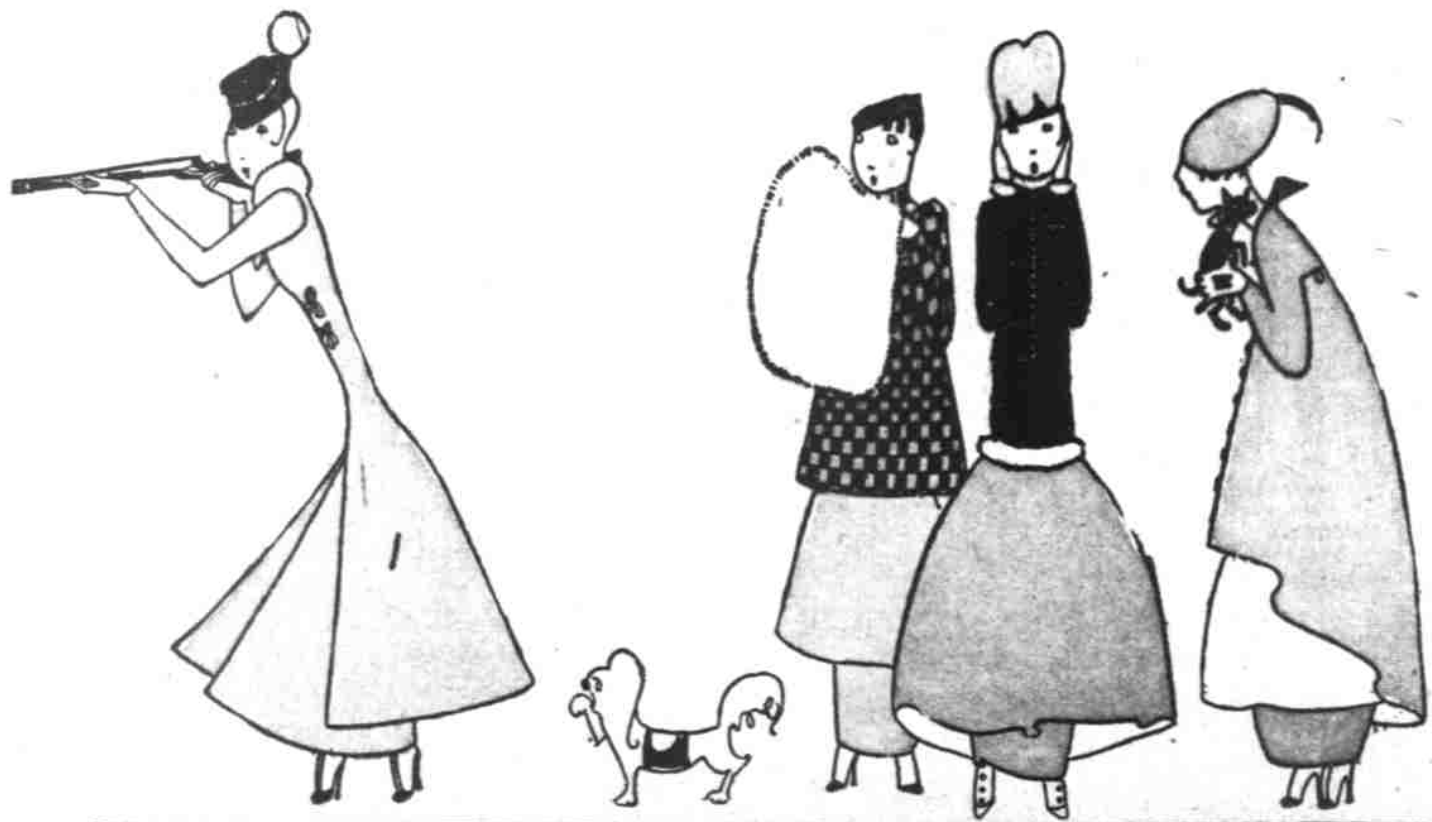
There was talk of the court spending Christmas at Windsor when we were down there last week; seems the poor old royal borough's feeling a bit out of it, what with the King being with the army and so many millions of other places. But it was York cottage as usual, and Windsor had them for a week or two later. Of course, at both places the game's positively in clumps, simply asking for the guns.

Queen Alexandra had intended going to Sandringham, but the east coast, to put it mildly, is a place of alarms and excursions leading into the center of the country. At the age of seventy summers, as Queen Alexandra is, even if one doesn't look it, one doesn't depart willingly from old habits and doesn't desire to be shot at by marauding German ships.

The Kaiser's illness made one sit up and think a bit, didn't it? And now they say that the old Emperor Francis Joseph is in a bad way—likely to depart this sphere at any moment. Of course, one cannot believe everything that one hears in these days of excitement. But if the old emperor does go—shall we go into mourning, I wonder? Does one for the enemy? Or does war cancel that most unchangeable law of the Medes and Persians—court etiquette?

These Hapsburgs, what a history of blood there is, isn't it? Only a year ago the Emperor's heir, Francis Ferdinand, was shooting with the King at Windsor, and to think that it was his death that caused all this terrible war! His son died scandalously and secretly. His wife was stabbed by an Anarchist. There are some lives that it can be no great grief to quit. His, I should think, is one of them.

A most informal show, the King's visit to the front seems to have been, doesn't it? And one of the most popular things, with some people, that he has done. Mud seems to have been the general background, and foreground, too, and also the general wear. And of course, belovedest, our King doesn't look every inch a king as much as he might, especially when he is standing near great big, strapping soldiers. But it isn't the King's fault that his legs aren't as long and thick as they might be, or that his shoulders stoop too much. It is the heart that counts, and his, surely, is in the right place.



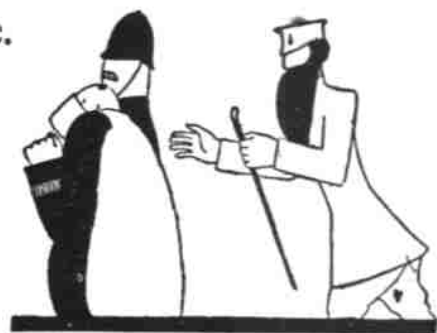
Many Eyes Are Emulating the Sterner Sex by Making Themselves Efficient With the Rifle and Rumors of a Corps—With a Beautiful Uniform—Are in the Air.

The mud didn't help things out any, either. The regiment of Leicesters, straight from the trenches, were simply caked in it and had several days' growth of beards when the King inspected them, and both the King and the prince tramped about in the sludge as if they were out partridge shooting.

I can't say that it's gospel truth, but they do say that the prince has found one silver lining to this dark cloud of war. "Ghastly" is the way he put it—in the story.

It'll be a Russian alliance he will make now, of course, when the moment comes for the marriage question to pop up again, and that'll be a good thing from the point of view of what everybody thinks of so much more importance now than they used to—beauty. I mean, Russian women are not models in virtue, p'r'aps—especially in the domestic virtues—but they've got brains and they've got "chic," and the Russian imperial princesses, in particular, have beauty.

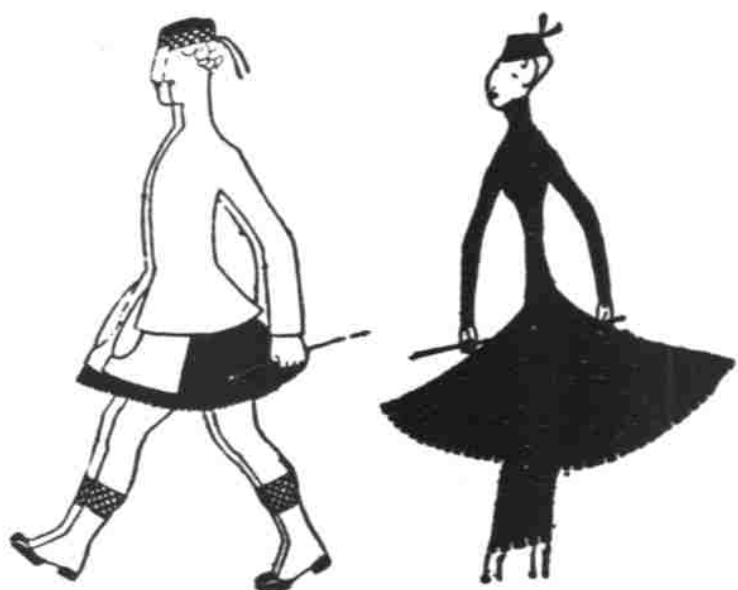
And talking of princesses, she is like her royal mother, isn't she, Princess Mary? Same fair crinkly hair and same way of wearing it. And her hat's the same special kind. And at the Christmas



Eve Is Overcome With Emotion When Adam Returns From the Front Unshaven.

frocks made today as chalk from cheese. My newest came home this morning, and Tou-tou, dear, sweet, duck, quite thought it was a new game. The hem's so wide and there's nearly a mile of fur on it. Can't say, though, that I am wildly keen on the way we've got to look now. I hate the human form divine—my human form divine, anyway—hidden too voluminously, don't you?

But there, that's not the point, is it? Fashion's fashion and must be obeyed.



The Kitties Furnish Eve With a Dress Hint.

present fund matinee the other day she wore the same sort of mixture of light colors the Queen's so fond of, a cream frock picked out with white pink, and a somewhat elderly hat that was furled as well as feathered. Aligrettes, when one's only eighteen, are a bit overwhelming, don't you think so—unless, of course, they are audacious.

But the audacity touch is going out, they say. In fact, it's not done any longer. We're not forward now or bold, but quiet, earnest, helpful. One of the leaders of I-know-everything-and-I-am-going-to-do-everything cult has taken the veil—no, the cap, I mean, the hospital nurses' cap. And all the rest, of course, has got to be in the picture. 'Stead of white faces, henned hair and insistent mouth, we now cultivate a positively Victorian appearance—a blush and quite pale eyelashes, plus an expression of mixed patience and purity that'd simply be ruined by 'p salve and things. And to sit up like good chaperoned kittens and beg nicely and silently for cream and kindness is the new attitude.

And so are our tight skirts, aren't they? Talk about Highlanders' kilts, we're positively getting stuffy again. No wonder they've been sailing at Lucille's and Hayward's and places, for the frocks made yesterday are as different from the

and if you don't do what she tells you—well, no one'll look at you, that's all. Life's a spangled path from frock to frock. Wear the wrong one and you might as well be dead.

And we're beginning to want our pretty clothes, again, too, thank goodness—some of us. Things have bucked up lots, you know, since they told us more 'bout what's going on and we're getting quite cheery again in places, 'specially those where officers on leave do congregate. Let's eat and drink, for tomorrow—well, tomorrow we may be in Egypt or Flanders or any other faraway place. That's the prevailing idea, it seems, and we stay-behinds have got to rise to the occasion, of course.

Prince's looked almost like old times, but for the khaki, Sunday afternoon, and they've reopened Murray's, and I believe the Lotus (which smells as sweet now, only under another name). And the Four Hundred, you know, has been going stronger all the time. And as to the 10 o'clock closing time, that only means, of course, that instead of b. and s., or f.s., you imbibe—er—ginger ale from the fatal hour onward. At the restaurants people are still not wearing their gladstags. But if we're not dressing much we're dining more. I mean the menu's a very, very elaborate affair

when you're feeding heroes from the trenches.

And "something cheery" seems to be the one and only theatrical diet in demand. We took three men in khaki with us, and there were crowds more in the stalls the other night at the ambassador's. And the khaki men laughed as if they really hadn't been facing terrible, terrible things.

Lots more officers and men, too, have been coming and going from the front during the last week or two—coming bearded and mud-stained from the trenches and going back to them shaven and shorn and all-martened up again for another try at it. It's only a day or two they have, of course, but the Leicesters got an extra one for doing a very hard piece of work, but they don't waste any time, you bet, and get in some pretty crowded hours of glorious life.

One of the things the officers have always spent a good deal of their time on is—what do you think?—shopping. It's not only for themselves, you know, but for the poor, dear others who haven't got leave. We heard one ordering no less than twenty British sweaters last week. And, by the way, the extra bit the war office has just put on the outfit allowance was very welcome. A lot of those who've come in for it "blewed" it all at once on the warm things they are wanting so badly.

The Belgian officers seem to have all gone back, by the way, but they haven't been going in much for gaiety. As one said last week, when some one asked him to turn up at "The Dancants" our men are patronizing so busily, "I don't dance, madame, until I can forget some of the things I have seen."

A man we know has written from his German fortress, simply imploring for books to read. Says he's got nothing but the works of Schiller—awful picture, isn't it? Fancy reading "Hermann and Dorothea" when you badly want cheering up. Seriously, though, Betty, sometimes I think we don't quite realize what a bad time our prisoners are having. It's not that they're badly treated, but, as we say, "Sometimes the loneliness and uselessness and bitterness come breaking over one like a waste. It's awful not knowing if anyone is alive or dead, as all news of the army in letters to us is cut out or else the letter destroyed." Even we women at home are better off. At least we do get the news.

It's a shame, isn't it, to realize that already at least three peers and more than a dozen heirs to peerages have lost their lives in this war—not to mention the holders of innumerable other honored and ancient names. It's so awful, isn't



Showing How the Searchlight Operations Interfere With the Possibilities of Forthcoming Engagements.

it, the youth of so many of our dear dead! It's not the worthless that the war likes to take, but always the good men.

It's really very amusing, belovedest, isn't it, the way you immediately get yourself up in nurse's uniform and get

\$5,000 string while she washed the coal-heaver—others don't. But me and all, with the help of lots of white stuff and wide lawn collars and things, strive wildly to be ornamental, as well, of course, as useful. You remember the Duchess of Westminster's Longfellow,



Lights, Coals and "Goings Out" at Night Being Curtailed by the Military Authorities, Eve Goes to Bed Early to Read. Note the Hampered Pekinese.

photographed in it the moment you've lent a house or knitted a sock or something for the wounded? Some women, I notice, wear their pearls—imagine a real nurse in a real hospital wearing her

or was it Word worth, and also the hour hand and all the rest of it? And the very latest picture is one of Princess Pless surrounded by HER wounded—not Britons, but Germans. EVE.



The Night Dancing Clubs Are Resuming Their Activity for the Sake of the Boys in Khaki Back on Furlough. The One Civilian Present Has Hid Under the Sofa.

## Clerical Heroes on Battlefields

"CLOTH and cassock cover many a stout, valiant and patriotic heart," the Bishop of London, chaplain of the London Rifle Brigade, said not long ago, referring to the valuable work performed by the chaplains and priests at present with the fighting armies. It was no exaggerated statement, for no men at the front today are doing nobler work and performing finer deeds than the "padres of the regiments," as they are affectionately known, both in the French and English armies.

But a few days ago a story was told of a heroic chaplain who, on the battlefield near Stenay, celebrated mass at the request of a number of wounded soldiers, to the grim music of the guns which dropped shells within a hundred yards of where he stood. An altar was improvised from a surgical dressing-table resting on a box containing splints, and covered with a hospital sheet. On the altar were placed bunches of flowers in vases made from the bases of German shells, and when these arrangements had been made the chaplain proceeded to say mass, undisturbed by the fact that at any moment a shell might annihilate him.

Another striking illustration of the plucky manner in which regimental chaplains perform their duties is afforded by a letter from a medical officer in the fighting line, who says: "A parson having turned up, we had a service. What a funny service it was! Each man holding a rifle in one hand and sharing a hymn-book with the other, while in between the verses of the hymns you could hear the shells whistling, one of which might well have killed thirty or forty of us."

In France, under the conscription law, priests are liable for military service in case of war, and that explains why twelve abbots, who were either officers, non-commissioned officers, or private soldiers, figure in the roll of soldier-priests who have laid down their lives for their country. One, Abbe Luchat, was a sergeant in a cyclists' corps and was killed on the field of battle after being mentioned in despatches on the previous day,

while another clerical lieutenant, Abbe Grenier, was struck down in leading his men in a charge.

Many heroic deeds, too, are being recorded of chaplains in the British army. One of these was during some of the hottest fighting at Mons. Witnessing the cruelties practiced by the Germans on the British wounded, he became so indignant that he shot one German and became a combatant on the spot. An excellent shot, he did a good deal of execution among those of the enemy who had aroused his anger, and kept on fighting until he received a wound in the leg which necessitated his removal by the ambulance corps.

The history of British campaigns of the past, however, contains many stories of brave deeds performed by army chaplains, and although only on one occasion has a Victoria Cross been awarded to an army chaplain, scores of them have distinguished themselves by gallant acts

which merited the simple decoration—"For Valour."

The Victoria Cross chaplain alluded to was Chaplain J. Williams, who, during the Afghan war of 1879, rescued two troopers of the Ninth Lancers at the imminent risk of his life. One of the bravest men during the South African war was Padre Robertson, chaplain of the Highland brigade, who risked his life a hundred times, carrying messages where the bullets were flying thickest, taking water to wounded men and ministering to the dying on the field. In the Egyptian war, too, Padre Robertson, who accompanied the Cameron Highlanders, specially distinguished himself by bringing in Lieutenant Cameron, who had been mortally wounded.

It was in South Africa that Padre Hill at Belmont succored many wounded men, and often stood amid a hail of bullets, book in hand, reading the sacrament for the dying. Another chaplain who had a brilliant record of service behind him was the Rev. Robert Brindle, who was with Lord Wolseley in the Egyptian war, and distinguished himself by his intrepid conduct at El Teh. He was also in the Nile expedition, and was mentioned in Lord Kitchener's despatches during the Dongola expedition, receiving from the hands of Queen Victoria the D. S. O.

A brilliant feat, too, was that of Chaplain Collins, of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, during the Sudan campaign, when a desperate attack was made by the Arabs on Sir John McNeill's zebra. So sudden was the attack that the British soldiers were scattered, but quickly forming into a number of little squares, they faced the foe in a gallant and determined style, Chaplain Collins, standing back to back with Major Alston, doing deadly execution with his heavy revolver.

Among other heroic chaplains might be mentioned the Rev. James Bellord, who was severely wounded at Tel-el-Kebir; the Rev. G. M. Gordon, who was killed in Afghanistan while attending to a stricken soldier on the field of battle, and the Rev. E. Ayrton, who during the Indian mutiny was surprised and attacked at Chanda by a small body of rebels. Weapons he plied his stout stick to such excellent purpose that the enemy was kept at bay until some British soldiers rescued him from his perilous position.